Luke Huttons Lamentation, which he wrote the day before his Death, being condemned to be hanged at *York*, for his Robberies and Treſpaſſes committed thereabouts. To the tune of, *Wandring and wavering*.

I Am a poore priſoner condemned to die,
Ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly,
Faſt fettered in Irons in place where I lye,
be warned young wantons bemp paſſeth green holy,
My Parents were of good degree,
By whom I would not ruled be,
Lord Jeſus receive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive O ſweet Saviour, my ſpirit unto thee.

My name is Hutton, yea Luke of bad life,
ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly,
which on the high way did rob man and wife.
be warned young wantons bemp paſſeth green holy,
Inticed by many a graceleſſe mate,
whoſe counſell I repent too late.
Lord Jeſus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive O ſweet Saviour, my ſpirit unto thee,

But twentie yeares old (alas) was I,
ah woe is me &c.
When I began this Felony,
be warned &c.
With me went ſtill twelve Yeomen tall,
which I did my twelve Apoſtles call,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

There was no Squire nor Baron bold,
ah woe is me, &c.
That rode by the way with Silver and gold,
be warned, &c,
But I and my Apoſtles gay,
would lighten their loades ere they went away.
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

This newes procured my kinsfolkes griefe,
ah woe is me, &c.
That hearing I was a famous Thiefe,
be warned, &c.
They wept, they wail'd they wrong their hands,
That thus I ſhould hazard life and Lands,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

They made me a Jayler a little before,
ah woe is me, &c.
To keepe in priſon offenders ſore:
be warned, &c.
But ſuch a Jayler was never knowne,
I went and let them out every one.
Lord Jeſus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive O ſweet Saviour my ſpirit unto thee,

I wiſh this ſorrow ſore grieved me,
ah woe is me, &c.
Such proper men ſhould hanged be,
be warned. &c.
My Office then I did deſie,
And ran away for company.
Lord Ieſus forgive me, &c.

Three yeares I lived upon the ſpoyle,
ah woe is me, &c.
Gibing many an Earle the ſpoyle,
be warned &c.
Yet did I never kill man nor wife,
Though lewdly long I led my life,
Lord Ieſus forgive me &c.

But all too bad my deeds have beene,
ah woe is me &c.
Offending my Country and my good Queene,
be warned. &c.
All men in Yorke-ſhire talke of me,
A ſtronger Theefe there could not be,
Lord Ieſus forgive me, &c.

Upon Saint Lukes day was I borne,
ah woe is me, &c.
Who want of grace hath made me forgne,
be warned &c.
In honour of my birth-day then,
I rob'd in Bramber nineteene men,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
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To ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.

The Country were to heare this wrong,
ah woe is me &c.
With Dice and Cards perſued me long,
be warned &c.
Though long I ſcapt, yet loe at the laſt,
At London I was in Newgate caſt,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

Where I did lye with griefed mind,
ah woe is me, &c.
Although my Keeper was gentle and kind,
be warned, &c.
Yet was he not ſo kind as I,
To let me goe at liberty,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

At laſt the Sheriffe of Yorkſhire came,
ah woe is me, &c.
And in a Warrant he had my name,
be warned, &c.
Quoth he at Yorke thou muſt be tryde,
Wherefore hence muſt thou ride,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

Like pangs of death his words did ſound,
ah woe is me, &c.
My hands and armes full faſt he bound,
be warned, &c.
Good Sir, quoth I, I had rather ſtay,
I have no heart to ride that way,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

When no intreaty would prevaile,
ah woe is me, &c.

I called for Wine, Beere, and Ale,
be warned &c.
And when my heart was in woefull caſe,
I drunke to my friends with a ſmiling face,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

With Clubs and Staves I was guarded then,
ah woe is me, &c.
I never before had ſuch waiting men
be warned, &c.
If they had ridden before me amaine
me thought me if I had call'd them againe,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

And when unto Yorke that I was come,
ah woe is me, &c.
Each one on me did caſt his doome,
be warned, &c.
And whilſt you like this ſentence note,
Evill men can never have good report,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

Before the Judges when I was brought,
ah woe is me, &c.
But ſure I had a carefull thought.
be warned, &c.
Nine ſcore Indictments, and fourteene
Againſt me there were red and ſeen,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

And each of thoſe were Felony found,
ah woe is me, &c.
Which did my heart with ſorrow wound,
be warned, &c.
What ſhould I herein longer ſtay?
For this I was condemned that day,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

My death each houre I did attend,
ah woe is me, &c.
In prayers and teares my time I did ſpend,
be warned, &c.
And all my loving Friends that day,
I did intreat for me to pray,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

I have deſerved death long ſince,
ah woe is me, &c.
A vilet ſinner lived not then I,
be warned, &c.
My Friends I hoped life to have,
But I am fitted for the grave,
Lord Jeſus forgive me, &c.

Adieu my loving friends each one,
ah woe is me, &c.
Think on me Lords when I am gone,
be warned, &c.
When on the Ladder you doe me view,
Think I am nearer Heaven then you.
Lord Jeſus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive O ſweet Saviour, my ſpirit unto thee.

FINIS. *L. Hutton.*

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